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MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XI. March, 1916 No. 1

34

CONTENTS

	Page
Freedom's Patriot Ernest Howard Crosby	417
Observations and Comments	418
Danger First Robert Minor	425
My Arrest and Preliminary Hearing Emma Goldman	426
Two Heroines of The Revolution Max Baginski	431
David Caplan Emma Goldman	447
Come To Jesus! Theodore Wigand	448
David Ingar	452
Two Attitudes Pierre Chardon	453
In Memoriam of Philip Hoffeler	457

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. XI **MARCH, 1916** **No. 1**

FREEDOM'S PATRIOT

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye;
Who smiled not at the battle flag,
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over the sea?

"Oh! my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."

"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AT a banquet in Chicago where priests, lawyers, politicians and other prominent people feasted in honor of Archbishop Mundelein, a number of the guests became sick. A panic followed.

What had happend? Was it the hand of God, threatening the money-changers? Was it a repetition of the writting on the wall as it occurred at the banquet of the wicked king of Babylon?

On such occasions church dignitaries like to point the finger significantly toward heaven. God does not like to be trifled with by people who use his name for the purpose of increasing their own worldly power and wealth. So the gospel tells us.

This time, however, they quite forgot to invoke judgment from heaven. A chemist said it was arsenic. The police and the newspapers decided Jean Crones, a chef, had poisoned the soup and they proved it by letting the public know that Crones was an Anarchist, hoping that people would forget for the moment that the monopoly of poisoning foodstuffs is in the hands of trusts and large manufacturers.

Besides being an Anarchist, Crones had disappeared without giving notice to the police. Very suspicious! Why does a man disappear if he has not poisoned any soup? It was enough material for assistant police chief Schuetler, of Chicago, to discover a country-wide Anarchist conspiracy to kill all the priests and to blow up all churches, city halls and police headquarters. Schuetler is always afraid the world will forget that it was he who arrested Louis Lingg. He cannot afford to let the opportunity pass without reminding the public of this fact again.

The papers started a race in sensationalism with the man-hunters of the police. Some of them published letters written by Crones for the special purpose of making it easy for the police to arrest him. He sent them his signature, his finger prints and they had his picture. He told them that he was in New York. The police boasted that they knew places from which he telephoned to inform the public, through the press, about his intentions. But, perhaps through

forgetfulness on his part, he did not mail his address to headquarters and, of course, for this reason they could not find him.

Crones may now live in Bombay or in Bridgeport, Conn.; the police do not know. Neither does anybody else know that he poisoned the soup. The whole case is pretty much of a mess.

The "Anarchist squads" and the "Bomb squads" have found out nothing. They only succeeded in poisoning the minds of unthinking people. But that's perhaps the very reason for their existence and the excuse by which they draw salaries.

As a result of police sensationalism and stupid public excitement, arrests have been made in Chicago and New York which do not appear to amount to anything. Also the office of the "Alarm" in Chicago has been raided and the postal authorities of New York have confiscated the "Revolt" pending decision from Washington. "Revolt" will continue publication.

In connection with the foregoing it may be stated that a fake interview in the "New York Journal," according to which Emma Goldman, Reitman and Berkman repudiated Crones and declared him insane, was a deliberate lie from the first to the last word. One sentence of this precious "interview," which never took place, reads thus:

"The police are confident that if the fugitive seeks a refuge among the 'Reds,' he will be betrayed into the power of the detectives now hunting him."

It is superfluous to comment on so contemptible a statement.

* * *

MOTHER EARTH is in receipt of a telegram from Los Angeles to the effect that Ricardo Flores Magon and Enrique Flores Magon have been arrested. Later we read a despatch in the New York "Globe," dated Los Angeles, Feb. 19, from which the following details are gathered:

"Federal officials are awaiting word to-day from the north regarding the whereabouts of William C. Owen, associate editor of El Regeneracion, a revolutionary

paper owned by Ricardo Flores Magon and his brother, Enrique Flores Magon, indicted yesterday by the federal grand jury on charges of using the mails to incite murder and sedition.

"Despatches from Tacoma, Wash., stated Owen had been living at Home Colony, on Joe's Bay, near Tacoma, for two months, and that no word has been received by federal authorities to arrest him. The Magons were arrested in the office of the paper at Ivanhoe, a suburb, after a hard fight in which Enrique's scalp was severely cut."

William C. Owen is the editor of the English section of "Regeneracion." His style of writing is far from "inciting to murder and sedition." But the nature of the United States government is such that it recognizes the dictator Carranza, who betrayed the revolution, and on the other hand, throws into prison the Magons and other honest Mexican revolutionists, who fight to restore land and liberty to the people of Mexico.

Since the above was written we received the following letter:

Los Angeles, Cal., February 19, 1916.

Emma Goldman,

New York, N. Y.

Dear Comrade:

I have just received your telegram in answer to ours of yesterday. Thank you very much for your quick response. In your message you ask for particulars, so I shall give you some brief details of events attending the arrest of our comrades.

I am sending you by the same mail copies of the "Times" and "Tribune" which, while they do not give a fair report of things as they are, will serve to furnish a good idea of the situation.

One important phase of the case is that it has aroused much interest and publicity in the daily press, which of course is of good advantage to the support of our comrades. All the violence spoken of in the papers, needless to say, was started by the bulls when Enrique refused to be abused and manhandled. While a detective was reading the warrant, Enrique asked someone to get his hat and coat. This excited the "officers" who started to rough Enrique who upon resisting was set upon and beaten on the head with gun butts. So badly was he injured that it was necessary to have him removed to The Emergency Hospital for treatment.

The arrest took place in the office at 4 P. M., and it

resembled a siege, although the minions of the law did it so adroitly that while they had watched the place all day we never noticed them until they entered the office where Ricardo was writing. They entered quietly and the trouble followed a few minutes later when Enrique was called in from the house. The place was entered by only five or six bulls but in the immediate neighborhood (our location is surrounded by a small field and tress) there were concealed armed guards who were watching developments. They appeared, rifle in hand, making threats, when we tried to follow our comrades. We later discovered that the neighboring residence of a priest was the plotting ground of the gang.

Up to this morning (the 19th), we have not been allowed to see Ricardo and Enrique but expect to visit them as soon as a lawyer (what irony) is secured. As to the charges against our comrades I need not tell you for you will see about them in the papers. The authorities are so bold that they actually declare that it is for conspiring against the Carranza government. As far as we know Comrade Owen has not yet been arrested but we expect it any time.

While the arrest of our comrades leaves us badly crippled, we will go the limit to keep the paper alive. We shall try to keep you posted on further developments. We sincerely appreciate your interest in the case and what we well know you can do in our behalf.

Yours for the cause,
MARIE MAGON,
P. O. Box 1236.

* * *

THAT wholesale murder and Christian religion fit well together becomes more apparent every day. The English Admiral Sir David Beatty puts it this way:

"Surely, Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas or a blood-drunken orgy. There must be a purpose in it; improvement must come out of it.

"In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revival of religion that is wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a great part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her. Until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a religious revival takes place, just so long will the war continue.

"When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days toward the end."

Almighty God surely sees the purpose in the war that the Bank of England should derive greater prestige out of it.

* * *

MARGARET SANGER'S case has been dismissed. For her sake we welcome the dismissal but as far as the stupid laws on this question are concerned, absolutely nothing was gained. The next person less known and with less support will, no doubt, have to pay the penalty. And it is the obscure person whose rights should be considered.

It is not often that MOTHER EARTH can agree with the daily press but the editorial in the New York "Globe" of February 19th, so thoroughly exposes the absurdity of the situation that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers:

"The Sanger case has been settled by the quashing of the indictment against Mrs. Sanger after a series of jockeying delays and attempted compromises with the defendant. Why was an indictment brought in the first place? Are innocent persons to be harassed and then pardoned according to the fluent whims of a prosecuting officer?

"The quashing of the indictment settles nothing. The right of American citizens to discuss sociological questions according to their convictions is just where it was before—subject to the mutton-headed restrictions of some postoffice clerk and the complaisant persecution of a federal district attorney. Nothing has been proved or disproved; not a single question has been decided or right established or protected; it is as risky as ever to discuss sociological matters that meet with the disapproval of postoffice clerks."

The absurdity is presented of William Sanger despatched to prison because he was tricked by a detective into handing over a pamphlet, although repeatedly saying that he was taking no part in pushing his wife's propaganda, while the author of the pamphlet, who did not deny responsibility for its circulation, is allowed to go free.

* * *

IN a recent trial against one Dr. Stapler, who was accused of an illegal operation (abortion), which

caused the death of Mrs. Louise Henrichs, 5 years ago, several facts came to light which speak very strongly in favor of Birth Control. Dr. Stapler, hard pressed in the Tombs to turn state evidence, made a confession in which he gave the names of 9 New York physicians, who he charged were engaged in illegal practice.

He told Assistant District Attorney Dooling that former officials of the Coroner's office assisted in concealing the real cause of death whenever an illegal operation resulted fatally. According to Mr. Dooling, Dr. Stapler said it would often cost a physician who found himself in trouble because of an operation from $200 to $3,000 to "cover" it up.

It is a public secret that thousands of such operations are performed every year and that many of them result in death for the woman.

There is a possibility to do away with such illegal practice by abolishing the absurd legal restrictions which are in the way of Birth Control. These restrictions are to be held responsible for the deaths of many women.

* * *

WILLIAM Burns, superdetective, is giving American literature a lift in the "Evening Telegram." In collaboration with Isabel Ostrander he publishes a story—The Crevice. The hero of the story is the great detective, Henry Blaine, who may be described as the Napoleon of his mean trade. He is simply reading a newspaper, but take notice how profoundly he does it:

"His eyes scanned the columns of each page with seeming carelessness, yet their keen glances missed not one significant phrase. And suddely his gaze was transfixed by a paragraph tucked away in a corner of the second page.

"It was merely an account of trouble between capital and labor in a distant manufacturing city, and a hint of an organized strike which threatened for the immediate future. The great detective was not at all a politician, and the social and economic conditions of the day held no greater import for him than for any other conscientious, far seeing citizen of the country,

yet he sat for a long moment with wrinkled brow and pursed lips, musing, while the newspaper dropped unheeded upon the desk."

The wrinkled brow of the conscientious, far seeing citizen and great detective Blaine is easily accounted for. He is evidently in grave doubt whether capital will have economic and social insight enough to hire help from Blaine's detective agency to settle the strike in an up-to-date manner, á la Ludlow.

* * *

THE following is part of a letter which we received from an English Comrade. Those of our readers who wax warm over preparedness for defense would do well to consider his words:

"The Conscription Act will take some of our comrades away, but they will not be willing tools in the lands of the military, who are now in the saddle in this country. The civil authorities are playing second fiddle—in a minor key. If the Americans wish to retain their liberties, let them fight the partisans of 'preparedness' tooth and nail. The English people have allowed their native 'Prussians' to take away the liberties which they went to war with Germany to defend. But there, if I say much more our friend the Censor may suppress this letter altogether."

* * *

Saturday, March 11th, at 8 P. M. the friends of MOTHER EARTH will gather at the Harlem Casino, 116th Street and Lenox Avenue to celebrate the eleventh anniversary of our magazine. Let everyone who can walk, ride or fly be present at the affair and rejoice with us in the life and work of MOTHER EARTH.

TO MY FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

We have lost the list of names of those who have subscribed to the drama course and not having a way of communicating with you, the course, much to our regret, had to be abandoned. Will all those who have subwrite to me at once? If enough names will come in, I shall give the drama course in April.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

DANGER FIRST

BY ROBERT MINOR

REVOLUTIONARY activity consists largely of putting oneself deliberately into danger's way as a human buffer for the protection of an idea. As the business man's ideal of conduct is "safety first," so the effective revolutionist's ideal of activity must be "danger first." Where and when the attack of Authority upon Liberty is fiercest—*there* is the place for the sincere lover of Liberty.

The Cause wanes and nearly dies at certain times in certain places, for lack of one man or woman brave enought to stand and take the blow unflinchingly. To die if necessary, by one's courage to awe the tyrant and inspire the friend. Civilizations live and perish, after all, by the deeds of men, despite the extreme to which some carry the theory of social evolution.

So the Cause needs some who possess the unearthly courage to be ready at any minute to give themselves in sacrifice.

Such is, in my opinion, the little group that has, for 10 years, published MOTHER EARTH. They have exasperated me at times, by being human instead of perfect, but when all is summed up and many spectacular fighters are found missing, having compromised, sought cover for a quieter day, leaving the field undisputed by them to Tyranny—it is little old MOTHER EARTH, or its founders, that I see in the centre of the field, ready to pay the price of courage.

I find myself dwelling on a wonderful phrase or sentence, and I ask myself where I heard it—then I remember having gotten it from MOTHER EARTH long ago. I make a cartoon built on an idea that has been in my head for years—and after it is done I recall that MOTHER EARTH put it into my brain.

MOTHER EARTH, the SOURCE! How we need her! How well chosen is her name!

MY ARREST AND PRELIMINARY HEARING

By Emma Goldman

MY well-meaning comrades and friends who were beginning to grow uneasy lest Mother Earth and her Publisher grow conservative, ought to feel appeased. The police of New York City are still with us.

I have lectured on birth control for years; many times in New York and other cities, before representative audiences. At almost every meeting plain clothes men were present taking copious notes. It was therefore no secret that I am sponsoring birth control and the necessity of imparting knowledge on this most vital question.

Friday, February 4th, I again delivered this lecture in Forward Hall, New York, when three thousand people attempted to crowd the place. As a result of this popular clamor for knowledge on birth control, another meeting was arranged for Tuesday, February 8th at the New Star Casino. Again an eager throng attended. The meeting was orderly and everything went off as peacefully and intelligently as on all other occasions when I lecture, if not interfered with by the police. Then on Friday, February 11th, just as I was about to enter the Forward Hall to deliver a lecture on Atheism, a subject which has no bearing at all upon birth control, I was arrested, taken to a filthy station house, then hustled into a patrol wagon, rushed to the Clinton Street jail, there searched in the most vulgar manner by a coarse looking matron in the presence of two detectives, a thing which would outrage the most hardened criminal. Then I was locked up in a cell until my bondsman released me on five hundred dollars bail.

Now all this was unnecessary in as much as I am too well known in the country to run away. Besides, one who has stood the brunt for an ideal for twenty-five years is not likely to run away. A summons would have been enough. But because I happen to be Emma Goldman and the exponent of Anarchism, the whole brutality of the New York police had to be employed in dealing with me, which only goes to prove that everything else in society advances except the Police Department. I confess I was credulous enough to believe that some change had taken

place since my last arrest in New York City, which was in 1906, but I discovered my mistake.

However, this is not vital, but what is of importance and that which I want to place before you is the fact that the methods of persecution on the part of the reactionary element in New York City in relation to any modern idea pertaining to birth control have evidently not ended with the death of Anthony Comstock. His successor, wanting to ingratiate himself, is leaving nothing undone to make any intelligent discussion of that vital subject possible. Unfortunately, he and the police are evidently not aware that birth control has reached such dimensions that no amount of persecution and petty chicanery can halt its sweep.

It is hardly necessary to point out that whatever may be the law on birth control, those like myself who are disseminating knowledge along that line are not doing so because of personal gain or because we consider it lewd or obscene. We do it because we know the desperate condition among the masses of workers and even professional people, when they cannot meet the demands of numerous children. It is upon that ground that I mean to make my fight when I go into court. Unless I am very much mistaken, I am sustained in my contention by the fundamental principles in America, namely, that when a law has outgrown time and necessity, it must go and the only way to get rid of the law, is to awaken the public to the fact that it has outlived its purpose and that is precisely what I have been doing and mean to do in the future.

A campaign of publicity has been started. It will have its first extensive hearing in Carnegie Hall, March 1st, where numerous physicians, lawyers, men and women of letters and propaganda will make a solid front for birth control.

Monday, February 28th my preliminary hearing took place before Judge Simms. I had no counsel. I cross-examined the witnesses and brought out that though they had not taken stenographic notes, they reeled off half of my birth control lecture. How accurate they were, I leave to the imagination of our readers.

I also was able to bring out the dense ignorance of the witnesses by the fact that though they claimed to have written down my spelling of various contracepts, every-

one of them was wrong and misleading. I therefore called the attention of the Court that if men cannot even copy correctly what is spelled out for them, they certainly will not remember anything correctly, and that such testimony ought never to be permitted if there really were such a thing as Justice in Court. I then moved for a dismissal of my case on the following ground:

Statute 1142 under which I was arrested refers exclusively to those who engage in the sale, exhibit or advertisement of instruments, articles, recipes, drugs or medicines for the prevention of conception or for causing unlawful abortions. Whether these articles be offered in a printed form or whether they be given orally stating when, where, how and of whom or by what means such an instrument, article, recipe, drug or medicine can be purchased.

The testimony of the plaintiffs and their statements on the stand, nowhere shows that I have advertised, exhibited or sold any of the above articles, recipes or medicines; or that I have given information when, where, how or of whom these articles may be purchased or obtained. I therefore call to your attention that the statute manifestly is aimed at quack doctors and street fakirs who prey upon the credulous public. It is not aimed at the world-wide movement known as birth control which has as its sponsors eminent men and women of science in Europe and America, a movement which in countries like Holland and Scandinavia has been carried to a final success, being approved even by the governments of the respective countries so that men and women can at any time purchase or obtain methods of prevention.

The birth control movement is represented by modern science, sociology, economic necessity and the spiritual awakening of woman all over the world. In England the eminent psychologist, Havelock Ellis and physician, Dr. Drysdale, the men of letters Bernard Shaw, Edward Carpenter, H. G. Wells and numerous others, speak in behalf of a free and frank discussion of Birth Control and methods whereby fewer and better children can be born.

In America the Birth Control movement is sustained by the Academy of Medicine in New York with the venerable Prof. Jacobi in its lead, Dr. Robinson, Dr.

Wile and Dr. Herman M. Biggs. This world-wide movement which is not for a personal gain or for the purpose of preying upon the credulous public, but which aims to minister to a pressing need of millions of people of the working and professional middle class, cannot come under the statute 1142, which clearly is intended for entirely a different purpose.

The lecture on Birth Control which I have delivered all over the United States, including New York, always before representative audiences and in the presence of plain clothes men, never was for the purpose of exploiting any particular person or store. It is, however, to prevent such terrible social crimes as is demonstrated for instance, in the suicide of a mother of eleven children and pregnant with the twelth because she could not endure the strain and anxiety of ministering to the wants of a large brood of helpless offspring. Or in the recent tragedy quoted from Chicago where a young girl committed suicide because in her pregnant condition she could not face the persecution and obloquy from society. These are only two examples of thousands that have come to my notice during the twenty-five years of my public activity and which led me to take up the question of Birth Control.

Of course my case was not dismissed. I am held over for Special Sessions. What now? First, a country-wide publicity campaign. Nothing else has such power as publicity. For that, money is urgently needed. Send your contribution at once; whether small or large it will aid to arouse men and women to the necessity of a frank and free discussion on birth control. Write letters to the District Attorney, Edward Swann, New York City, and get your friends to do the same. Even District Attorneys are not immune to popular demands. Arrange meetings in your own city. Bring the birth control issue and my case to the notice of all liberal gatherings in your town. Write to your newspapers demanding that they bring news about the birth control movement.

Friends, six months after MOTHER EARTH was born there began a wave of reaction in New York City, when together with eleven others I was arrested. But thanks to the tremendous protest carried on at the time, nothing came of the arrest. As a result, I was able to devote the

last ten years to MOTHER EARTH and other phases of propaganda. Now at the beginning of the 11th Anniversary of our magazine, I am again in the clutches of the law. That should convince even the chronic doubters that neither MOTHER EARTH nor I have lost the menacing aspect to the powers that be.

I am not afraid of prison. I have been there before. I know bad as prison is, the radicals of this country would do well to try it for a time. It would strengthen their backbone and spirit The fight I mean to make is for the right of the masses, and especially women, to decide whether or not they shall bring forth life in a system which rests on the degradation and humiliation as well as the destruction of life.

Yet more than even that, my fight is in behalf of freedom of speech and press on the great social problems of our time. It is for this I ask your material assistance and your intelligent co-operation. Laws are transitory, but life is eternal, ever changing, ever renewing. Let us fight for life and the right to bring to it Strength and Beauty.

GREETINGS ON THE 11th ANNIVERSARY OF MOTHER EARTH

The pressure of work prevents my article. Your arrest on the eleventh anniversary is significant. It proves that time did not dampen the fire of either the magazine or its publisher. Never before did the country need the spirit and courage of you both. The times are pregnant with great struggles. The world needs uncompromising fighters. May your efforts echo thousandfold progress.

With you in comradeship,

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 25, 1916.

* * *

Four police stenographers, untold numbers of plain-clothes men and thousands of advocates of birth control filled Carnegie Hall last night, where Emma Goldman, rising like a phoenix from the ashes of her last arrest, on February 11, took up the doctrine of limitation of families where detectives made her leave off last time—**New York Tribune, March 2d, 1916.**

TWO HEROINES OF THE REVOLUTION

IT IS a great relief to turn ones eyes from the driven war-heroes to the free-spirited heroes of the Revolution. It deepens the sympathies that go out to the sufferers of all countries, it makes one more determined to keep up the spirit of universal brotherhood and the Internationale.

The heroes of the war may boast of their iron crosses, orders, and eagles. These rewards for efficient butchery can not remove the stigma from them, that they are fighting, like people in bondage and servitude, the battles of their own despots.

Behold on the other hand, the heroes of the Revolution, agitating, fighting, dying to free humanity from tyranny. The enthusiasm that makes their hearts beat quicker is their own enthusiasm, the convictions and ideals which inspire them are deeply rooted in their own personalities.

The Russian revolutionists who executed Czar Alexander II. on March 13, 1881, were such heroes. Ever to be remembered are also many of the heroes of the Paris Commune of the 18th of March, 1871, butchered by the soldiers of the provisional government of May, 1871.

The head of this government was Thiers, a typical Bourgeois, who was much more afraid of the rebellious proletariat of Paris than of Bismarck, whose armies had closed in on the French capital. To disarm the uprising in Paris, to kill off as many fighters of the Commune as possible, and then to bring about an "honourable peace" with Prussia, was his most cherished desire.

At this time several leaders of the Commune were visited by a teacher whose name was Louise Michel. She told them that she was ready to kill Thiers and that she was willing to give up her own life for that purpose. She was well known as an ardent revolutionist and enthusiastic supporter of the Internationale but the men she approached persuaded her not to carry out what she proposed.

Later Louise Michel joined the forces on the barricades, dressed like a man, fighting, shooting, doing picket duty. She was one of the communards at the cemetery Pere la Chaise, where the Commune fought it's last battle.

Louise Michel managed to escape but upon hearing that her mother was arrested and held as hostage, she gave herself up to the relentless cruelty of the triumphant authorities who had commanded the soldiers thus: "You can't kill enough of them"—meaning the workingmen of Paris. (By the way her mother had not been arrested).

With many others Louise Michel appeared before the court martial. In addressing the court she said:

"You are now the victors, but I tell you, in the end the social revolution will be stronger than you. I demand that you lawfully murder me as you have lawfully murdered Ferre and others. The lead which pierced their breasts I want to pierce my breast also. If you are not cowards kill me. Should you decide not to do it then I will preach hatred against your laws and your society as long as my life lasts and I will cry out for revenge against the murderers and executioners of the Commune."

She was sentenced to hard labor and to be deported to New Caledonia. She remained there ten years, enduring the hardships of the exile like a stoic philosopher, nursing sick comrades, sharing her meagre provisions with the needy, encouraging the faltering and despairing. She got into friendly relations with the oppressed, unfortunate natives, collected their legends and folk lore which she published in *"Légendes Canaques"* and *Contes Newkalédoniens."*

Meanwhile a movement for general amnesty was carried on in France, or rather, in fact, all over Europe. Louise Michel especially had many friends and even her worst enemies did not deny her absolute sincerity. It was hinted to her, that she probably would be pardoned soon. In answer to such rumors she wrote a letter to the government in which she said:

"I don't want your pardon. What I ask is a general, unlimited amnesty for all my comrades. I will not leave New Caledonia until I am sure that not one of them will be left there."

When finally a general amnesty was granted and Louise Michel was about to board the steamer that would take her back to France, thousands of natives bade her a tearful good-bye.

In 1883 Louise Michel was sentenced to a prison term of 6 years. The court held her responsible for a raid upon a few bakeries during a demonstration of the unemployed.

Henry Rochefort was one of the witnesses at the trial. He had known her for a long time and was deported with her. His cell was near hers and he had the opportunity to observe what type of a woman she was. She would give away the last cent she had, her shoes and stockings, the bed she slept on, she would deny herself everything if some sick or weak fellow-creature was in need.

Louise interrupted Rochefort's testimony several times, saying: "I can laugh when I am scolded and calumniated, but I can not bear being praised."

During her long imprisonment her mother whom she loved with great tenderness died.

"I had two things to live for," she said, "my mother and the Revolution. Now only one is left me, the Revolution."

When she left prison she had become one of the most beloved and popular characters of the French people. The reactionaries knew that and tried to counteract her dangerous popularity by saying: "Louise is a good soul, but a little crazy."

It seems to be true that a scheme was under way to railroad her to an insane asylum and it was on account of such designs that her friends advised her to go to England for a time. This she did, but prison life, privations, old age (she was born 1830) began to tell on her naturally very robust and healthy constitution. She had to go back to Southern France where she again took an active part in the revolutionary propaganda. In February, 1905, she went to Marseilles to speak at a meeting. She died in that city on the 21st of February.

* * *

Another heroine of the Revolution is Catharine Breshkovsky, *Baboushka*. She is still with us although far away. Baboushka breathes the air of Siberia, the icy grave Russian Czarism selected for thousands and thousands of the most intelligent and kind hearted sons and daughters of Russia. To hang them all the government had not gallows enough, and to let them die in dun-

geons, not prisons enough. They were branded criminals because they threatened despotism through educating the people, through the distribution of good books, pamphlets, papers. And they dared to propagate rebellion.

Catharine Breshkovsky, now over 80 years old, joined the Russian Revolution in its fiery youth. She has helped it to attain maturity to fight its own battles and she has lived through the horrors of its defeat; without, as it seems, ever for a moment doubting its final victory.

She went through the exultation of the Nihilist period when Jeliaboff, Kihaltshitsch, Michailoff, Rysakoff, Sofie Perofska challenged Czarism to a deadly combat. They died at the gallows but the flames of Revolution spread from a few daring individuals to larger and larger groups of the people. The Revolution fought its way boldly to the very foundation of tyranny, which seemed about to totter and give way. When the storm was halted and diverted by the old political game of permitting the people to be "represented" in a fake parliament, called the duma.

With inexhaustible patience and daring Catharine Breshkovsky worked to make the Revolution a powerful, effective reality. She carried her message and propaganda to the cities and countrysides, amongst workingmen, students, peasants; always inventing new disguises to elude the spies and bailiffs of the Czar.

This is the second time that she is a prisoner in Siberia, having been sent there before, nearly a whole generation ago. Her first escape back to Russia to take up the work again was a success, the second escape—about a year ago—a failure. To punish her she was transported over the steppes and rivers of Siberia to Yakutsk in the northern part of the country—a distance of 3,000 miles —where life is more unendurable, communication with the outer world more difficult and congenial company more rare than in Irkutsk in the South, where she lived exiled before her attempt to break the chains.

Through all this struggle Babushka has remained the sweet, mild, bold woman undaunted by cruelty, persecution and privation. Shortly before she was ordered to leave the South for the dreadful North, a friend had an opportunity to talk to her. He writes about this interview:

"She has become a little deaf, her shaggy hair is snow-white, but spiritually she is as strong as ever. On seeing her at the first moment I could not keep from weeping, hiding my face on her breast. 'Look up, let me see what is the matter with you, rascal!' she said. 'I don't like to see sad faces of my little children. Cheer up, my boy, and speak loud, like a good officer at the front. I am a little deaf.' I looked at her; her motherly mild eyes were filled with tears; she was smiling. I was not able to utter a word. The other boys and girls awaited their turn."

And now she has succeeded in informing her friends in America through Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the "Women's Journal" in Boston, that she is traveling back the 3,000 miles to the province of Irkutsk again, within the boundaries of which she will have the right to choose a habitation.

The Russian government, aware of the fact that Baboushka has many friends in the United States who will not forget her and keep informed of her whereabouts even in the deserts of Siberia, apparently deems it the wiser course to show some human consideration.

From Baboushka's letters to Miss Blackwell we quote in part:

September 12-25, 1915.

One of these days I was told that, by order of the Minister of the Interior, I can leave Yakutsk for Irkutsk, where the Governor General will assign me a place in the south of the province of Irkutsk or Eniseisk to live in. If so, I shall leave Yakutsk in a few days, with the last boat going up the river. The travel is dangerous this month, for the water is low, and the passengers very often have to leave the steamer and continue the voyage in little vessels where they are settled like cattle and subject to all sorts of inconveniences and to the rigor of the weather. Yet I do not fear for myself, for during a journey I never suffer from any illness, being excited and delighted to breathe the fresh air.

September 27-30. Steamer Gromoff.

It is the third day I travel on a nice steamer, in good company, having permission to make the voyage alone,

without a convoy. There are spies, but I don't care, for they survey from afore (sic) and leave me alone. I feel much better, and hope to be healthy all the time, for everything is done to make me comfortable.

The weather is very cold, and some walk. I sleep well and much; I eat often and good meals. This voyage will be longer than the voyage I made in summer. We are going up the river now. We may very soon encounter ice that will impede our course, or stop it altogether. Then some other mode of moving will be found out.

My eyes are not worse. All the summer I did nothing to fatigue them, and now, too, I am always lazy, watching the river and its shores.

Pray print in your Journal that while in prison I received a big, thick, woolen shawl, and did not know from whom. Only in Yakutsk the letter from Mary Allen, written in 1914, was sent to me. Now, I am not sure of her address, and yet I wish to thank her and her excellent mother for such a beautiful and useful present and kiss her with all my heart.

I am sure there is a quantity of your and other "friends'" letters lost, but, being sure of your everlasting friendship, I feel quiet and happy.

Certainly I will inform you of my new destination the day I learn it myself. Adieu, my dearest and beloved Alice. Gregor sent money. It will be enough.

October 1-13, 1915.
Vitim, a little port on Lena.

Amidst the ices of Lena, 2,000 miles from Yakutsk and 1,400 miles from Irkutsk, waiting a practicable way to continue my travel, in a little home of my good friends, I sit before a little table to inform you, my faithful friends in America, that there is no weather, no difficulty strong enough to crumble my health to pieces, to kill me to the ground. In a month there will be a thick ice covering the waters of Lena, and by that time I hope to find a companion with whom I will reach Irkutsk quite safely. With great difficulty the mail is transported till now, but very soon there will be some weeks without any post. Therefore, I do not mention my address of today, but I ask you to send your letters to Irkutsk.

On a picture post card dated Oct. 28-Nov. 10.

No letters from you. I am sorry. The cold is great, but the mighty river does not wish to stand still, and the road is too dangerous to be sure to make it safely. There were many unhappy falls with the mail post and some travelers. So I decided to wait a better opportunity. The winter promises to be very severe, and my friends wish to retain me in Vitim till the spring; yet I fear to lose the opportunity to live in an endurable place.

* * *

Singleness of purpose and wholeheartedness made these two heroines of the Revolution endure the worst with a smile; this is the very thing to be desired for every man and woman who follows the banner of liberty.

DAVID CAPLAN

DAVID CAPLAN'S case comes up March 14th. So far absolutely nothing has been done for him in California. Is it that the Caplan-Schmidt Defense is still stunned by the shock of Mathew Schmidt's conviction? If so, they show themselves veritable children. Months before the trial, anyone capable of judgment realized that Mathew A. Schmidt would be sacrificed unless the old methods of defense were revised.

It is precisely for this reason that the more revolutionary element on the Coast pleaded in behalf of a newer, more determined, more radical procedure. The past is beyond change, but it should serve as a vital lesson that labor can hope for absolutely nothing from the enemy, so long as labor is itself weak and compromising, so long as labor will not emerge from the old, stagnant, paralyzing pool of wire pulling.

David Caplan's case comes up March 14th. Is he too, to be sacrificed, dedicated to the Moloch who has already devoured the McNamaras and our friend Mathew A. Schmidt? If labor leaders are willing he should, we of the radical wing of the labor struggle are not. At a conference held in New York City, attended by delegates representing sixty-five Jewish labor organizations, it was decided to start a determined campaign for David Caplan. A large meeting has been arranged for March 12th,

3 P. M., two days before David Caplan's trial.

The delegates were instructed to return to their organizations and plead for material aid. The Jewish Press is to be invoked to do the same. Money is the most pressing question in the case of David Caplan, as the fund raised for a joint defense of Caplan and Schmidt is all exhausted and it is not likely that other than the radical element in and out of the labor movement will come to the rescue of David Caplan.

The readers of MOTHER EARTH are among the most willing to aid every great issue. I know they will not fail David Caplan. Send contributions by checks or money orders direct to David Caplan, County Jail, Los Angeles, or to MOTHER EARTH. Write him. You cannot realize how one in jail craves sympathy and encouragement. Arrange protest meetings for the day of his trial. Send letters and wires of protest to the Prosecuting Attorney of Los Angeles. Enough victims have been sacrificed in California. Let us save David Caplan.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

COMING TO JESUS!

BY THEODORE WIGAND

DURING the middle of December I had an excellent opportunity to investigate Christian charity (the Salvation Army brand) and to test American liberty. Concerning this liberty I wish to say this: You can walk the Bowery on cold and rainy nights, if you have no home, or if you have no money you have the liberty to go hungry for days.

As to calling myself an investigator, I know, dear reader, it will arouse your suspicions. Ah! ha! you think, another one of those pesky "social investigators," who investigate—in exchange for a salary—the conditions of the poor. They who bring "startling facts" to light, of which the poor have known, suffered and died under since generations. The facts which the well-to-do don't care to know at all.

I can reassure you on this point, if you permit me to introduce myself.

I am an old man of 73 years. By trade I am a shoemaker, by conviction a radical. I have worked all my

life as long as I could find work, but now I am an "old bum." Some people who advertise in the papers for help wink at me as soon as they detect me in the crowd of submissive job-hunters. "You are altogether too young," they will address me jokingly.

Under these conditions I became an investigator of Christian Charity by necessity.

It was the night between the 17th and 18th of December. Cold rain fell for hours and hours on the unprotected unfortunate night wanderers of New York who had no homes. I was one of them, my clothes soaked all through, my whole body shivering and chilled to the bone. Even Blackwell's Island seemed an alluring, hospitable place.

Towards morning a comrade in misery advised me, to inquire for work at the Employment Bureau of the Salvation Army. This I did, hoping against hope to find a job as kitchen helper, dish washer or something like that.

The man in charge received my request in a manner which made it very doubtful, that he had ever been introduced to Jesus. There was no job for me, he said harshly. After some more talk he told me, I could go to the "Industrial Home of the Salvation Army;" there I would be taken care of by charity. Again tramping on, tired, exhausted, I finally landed at that "Home," conducted for the benefit of the poor under the holy patronage of Jesus. It was sheer terror that had urged me on. The approaching night; was I again to live through its horrors shelterless? A shelter I must have, whatever it may look like! That was the only thing I could think or feel at the moment.

At first sight, it did not look so dreadful, the "Home." It seemed clean and a plate of soup braced me up somewhat . And the prospect of stretching oneself and of actually sleeping on a mattress! About 150 men were to sleep in the room to which I was directed.

Five o'clock in the morning the bell rings. Everybody has to get up. At six breakfast, consisting of very bad "coffee," bread and hash. I found that I could stand only the bread. The hash reminded me of a remark of Heinrich Heine, the German poet, about sau-

sage of which he said, it was good food for the Gods, because they knew what it was made of.

The work begins at seven. I was sent to the scrap room to sort out paper remnants which are collected all over the city, arriving in big wagon and automobile loads. After the different brands of paper have been sorted out and labelled, they are sold with good profit in immense quantities to the paper mills. Besides paper the wagon and automobile drivers, who get very miserly wages, collect all kinds of castaway articles, old clothes, rickety furniture, etc.

But don't believe the story, that these things are given to the poor. That would be entirely against the "Industrialism" of the Salvation Army. The dirty old bedsteads, chairs, tables are *sold* to the poor, with germs and bed bugs into the bargain, for prices as high as the representatives of Jesus are capable of squeezing out of them. If they look altogether too rotten, these derelicts of household and fireside, they are fixed up a bit by the derelicts of society, whom Christian Charity permits to work hard 9 hours a day for bread and filthy lodging, under the supervision of a slave driver who would fit in the same capacity for any correction house.

I say filthy lodging, for the first looks were deceiving. I soon discovered that the whole joint was lousy. My neighbor was lousy and he consoled me by saying, that if I, so far, had not attracted the vermin it was only because these little friends of the poor took their time in settling on the newcomer. And how could the home be otherwise than lousy! The newly arrived victims of charity had, most of the time, to sleep in beds without clean covering. Either the newcomer was infested with vermin or the bed. In both cases nothing was done to get rid of the pest. Of course some of the Christian saints derive their fame from the very dirtiness and lousiness of their existence, but I don't aspire to become a Christian saint.

I must add here, that the work of sorting out paper is extremely dirty work. In the bags in which the paper is stuffed one finds all kinds of refuse and garbage, dirt and dust. The dust fills the room and the lungs, beards and eyes. One looks black like a coal miner after the day's work. There are wash stands but not enough to

permit something resembling cleanliness. Most of the time there is no warm water. You have to wash your own rags, but nobody tells you how you can do that, having no hot water at your disposal and the whole place crowded with people who try to get a chance at the three wash tubs.

Now, I have to admit that the "Industrial Home of the Salvation Army" pays real wages. I worked 54 hours during the week and received the remuneration of 50 cents.

So much money could lead you into temptation. The devil rum is lying in wait for you outside the walls of the Home and in consideration of this terrible danger some devices have been discovered to separate you from your riches. When the envelope with the fifty cents wages slips into your hand, a young lady with a modest smile on the face walks up to you and offers to sell you the "War Cry." Nobody is compelled to buy the precious paper. No, indeed, but cringing servility, disgusting hypocrisy of many of the outcasts are undeniably sad facts and so it happens that the young lady sells a good many copies.

Another scheme to fetch a part of the fifty cents back to the coffers of the Salvation Army is the collection taken up every Sunday at the chapel meeting. You are told that the expenses are very high and that you should dig deep into the pocket. Usually the collection brings good results. To get the wretches in the right mood to give up some cash to Jesus, a spectacle of religious hell raising is enacted. Jesus and the devil fight fiercely for the possession of your soul. Drum, banjo, singing, praying testimonies create a pandemonium in the midst of which the soldiers of Christ's Army remain collected, cold and shrewd. The blood of Jesus is spilled by gallons to wash off your sins. Come to Jesus and get saved!

And the sinners come and give testimony. One of them accuses himself in a bragging voice of many terrible crimes. "And if you don't believe me," he shouts, "go to police headquarters, there you will find my finger prints."

If you embrace Jesus and get saved through his blood you may gain not only heaven but also material advan-

tages in the Home. For instance you may slip out in the evening, drink a whiskey at the corner saloon and go back without the grim guard at the door noticing anything. But if your soul refuses to be washed clean with the blood of Jesus, the guard at the door will smell the whiskey and you will be thrown out of the Home as a drunkard and as a fellow who belongs hopelessly to the undeserving poor.

That was my case. I dreaded the winter nights, but still more I dreaded being saved. It was a cold day, when I was told to go.

I had entered the charitable institution in shabby clothes; when leaving it I was dirty, lousy and in rags. I had 10 cents of my wages invested every week in a box of insect powder to combat the allied forces of lice and bed bugs but had not succeeded in gaining a decisive victory over them. I was sick besides, weaker and more exhausted than before.

Whatever may happen to me, this I know for sure, that the Salvation Army or any other Christian Charity will not get me alive under their control again.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

DAVID INGAR

WHEREAS,

IN the age long conflict between master and slaves, oppression becomes unbearable and leads to open revolt in the form of strikes,

And Whereas:—

It has been proven that in such conflicts employers have attempted to incite the strikers to deeds of violence, and failing, have imported thugs and gunmen to start trouble,

And Whereas:—

In the recent strike in East Youngstown, mill guards and hired thugs fired into peaceful strikers succeeding thereby in securing the necessary military protection, enabling them to break the strike.

And Whereas:—

The same plutocrats are now attempting to shift their murderous responsibility upon the shoulders of innocent men,

And Whereas:—

One, David Ingar, who was shot by a mill guard, is now kept in confinement in the county jail, though not even in East Youngstown during the riot, but lying in the city hospital wounded by the bullet of a paid murderer,

Therefore be it resolved:—

That the David Ingar Defense Committee give such aid to our fellow workers as will enable them to carry their cases to the highest courts,

And be it further resolved,

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our press throughout America.

THE INGAR DEFENSE COMMITTEE.

TWO ATTITUDES

(From the French of PIERRE CHARDON.)

AT THE moment of the outbreak of the great conflict of nations, each State mobilized its intellectuals, men of science, journalists, and teachers, for the preaching of falsehood and hatred, obedience and sacrifice. The attitude of these persons was no surprise to us. We knew them to be self-interested worshippers of the Golden Calf, puppets and flunkeys of the commercial class, slavish of the State.

Similarly we expected to see the Socialist tribunes following in their steps, for the patriotic declarations, those of Jaurès and of Bebel alike, had taught us that the real guiding principle of their sham International could be formulated as follows: *Workers of all countries, slaughter each other at the command of your masters!*

But we should never have thought that unchangeable opponents of the State, fierce despisers of authority, would also begin to howl with the wolves; that they would invite us, voluntarily and without reserve, to assist in "National Defence."

In spite of that, let no one imagine that the majority of Anarchists have followed the propagandist vedettes who have made common cause with their rulers. On the contrary, many have remained anti-patriots and anti-militarists. If the military power has seized and crushed

them, they have not sought to justify, to legitimise that power which they formerly hated, which they hate still more now that the facts have confirmed their anticipations; now that they have seen actually at work this formidable grinding machine constituted by the militarism of every State.

That is clear. For years we have awaited the advent of the plague that is now devastating the world. The severity of the nations' struggle for "a place in the sun" —the modern form of conquest and expansion—was inevitably bound to bring about a conflict between the various Fatherlands; seeing that they are nothing but so many associations of social criminals, whose sole aim is exploitation and domination. The conflict was inevitably bound to end in warfare, since two groups of nations found themselves face to face: those who had divided between them the colonial territories of the world, and those who desired to drive out the conquerors in order to set themselves up in their place. Moreover, the crisis of intensive militarism that has existed in Europe for twenty years had placed the rulers in the alternative position of ending in positive bankruptcy; each nation hoping that the vanquished would be crushed to such an extent as to allow of reduction of armaments without fear of retaliation.

Since all these things were known to us, and since we are aware of the fact that the struggle between nations is only the enlargement of that social and individual struggle which forms the basis of capital society, our opinions could not suddenly be modified, at the outbreak of war, by the forms under which it presented itself—the methods that it adopted. When a man has seriously considered the social problem and can discern its causes; when he understands that private property produces nearly all the conflicts of mankind; when he is not a humbug, a dabbler, or a creature of impulse; he cannot modify his convictions according to circumstance, nor can he throw upon one caste alone the responsibility of the war.

We are revolted by the horrors of war, but we know that the only way of putting an end to them is to attack the real causes of armed conflicts, and not to lend willing aid to any nationality, whichever it be.

Declamations concerning "the horrors of invasion" cannot induce us to become "good soldiers and good Frenchmen," for we are aware that in every war each side seeks to carry the conflict into the enemy's country.

When two or more Empires clash together, dragging after them as many large and small allies as possible, in turn purchasing or violating neutrality, we know that we are witnessing the encounter of two opposing Wills to Greed and Domination—not the struggle of Law against Barbarism.

Above all, what most disinclines us towards official justifications and patriotic solidarity is that these things are thrust upon us. Which of the Fatherlands can claim to be defending Liberty, when all of them seize upon the individual like ghouls greedy for human flesh, entrain him like an animal, without his being able to consider or discuss the matter, and send him to the slaughter, regardless of his choice.

We know that some feeble-spirited persons would delude themselves into the belief that they are acting in accordance with their own wills when they adapt themselves to the public opinion which proclaims that "war is a necessary evil," and affirms the necessity of "fighting to a finish," in order that the workers may thereby derive some supposed advantages, direct or indirect. But we prefer to keep our ideal unsullied. Militarism may seize our bodies: our minds it can never subdue.

Though we cannot elude authority, though we recognize our powerlessness and numerical inferiority, we do not voluntarily co-operate or acquiesce in the deadly work. An idea that is impotent because it cannot yet enlist a sufficient number of supporters to make it a social force, is not necessarily a false one. It may represent the future, as the unextinguished embers on the primitive hearth represented the possibility of procuring fresh fire.

We know that if we were to admit to-day the necessity for "National Defence," we must to-morrow admit the usefulness of the Militarism that prepares and ensures it. If we were to join the Holy Alliance, we could not afterwards speak seriously of the spirit of revolt or the class-struggle. So we prefer to keep silence, gagged as we are by *Democratic* martial law and censorship. Between our

activities of yesterday and to-morrow we are unwilling to raise the barrier of a positive contradiction.

As for those who have joined the war party, their tongues will be tied by their utterances of to-day. As they have admitted that a man ought—being propertyless—to engross himself in his "National Inheritance," to the degree of voluntarily sacrificing his life to preserve it intact—they will be compelled to bow down before the frightful political and economic Nationalism whose reign after the war can be foreseen. To the boldest and most combative it will be given to resist "the renascent hydra of Clericalism." While they are wasting their time in cleaving "the Sacred Heart," the traffickers of the sacristy and the cloister will consolidate their *economic* power by taking advantage of the distress which will be prevalent after the war, when Capital will, at the expense of the workers, recoup to itself the milliards that have been squandered in fighting.

For our part, we shall use these terrible economic results in our work of social criticism, and we shall point out that men have suffered this abominable butchery because they have not adopted our position; because they have preserved that institution of Private Property which we condemn, have respected and considered necessary that Masterdom, that Authority, against which we struggle.

There will be greater need than ever for an earnest propaganda, unhampered by professionals and pseudo-intellectuals. Ceasing to fasten our gaze upon Paris and upon distinguished writers; applying rational decentralization, localism, federalism; seeking to create in every district one or more autonomous centres of active, systematic, and unflagging propaganda; we shall resume our task of criticism, undermining, and education.

For now (the proof of this is not lacking), in our militarized, priest-ridden communities, misery, suffering, and death do not produce lasting and fruitful activities on the part of the people unless there is previously a firmly-rooted ideal of resistance to the rapacious and tyrannical Master; an ideal that may be worked out by reason and not merely by the driving force of sentiment; a slowly-matured ideal, a definite and clear objective founded upon real Liberty, secured by true Equality of

conditions; only realizable by the suppression of authoritarian Masterdom.

When we resume the work of propaganda, if we are asked what we were doing during the war, we shall reply: —Some of us, being unwilling to champion a cause which they deemed was not theirs, evaded their patriotic obligations, others would not or could not follow their example. But, whether fighters or defaulters, we have remained true to ourselves in all circumstances: for what constitutes the superiority of the Free Man—the Anarchist—over his environment, is that he knows how to uphold the integrity of his thought and his dignity, and to defy to the end the blind force that crushes him.

Being without illusions, we shall not sink into whining pessimism. We depend only on time, and on effort guided by reason, for the struggle against illusion, against clerical or lay Religionism, that bulwark of malevolent Authority.

October, 1915. From *Freedom*, London.

IN MEMORIAM OF PHILIP HOFFELLER

OUR comrade Philip Hoffeller, who lived with his family at Union Hill, N. J., is dead at the age of sixty-six.

He was born in Germany of Catholic parents, from whom he parted when about thirteen years old. Through the influence of an ex-priest he early became a freethinker and a radical. When he decided to go to the United States he had already learned to hate religious submission, governmental oppression and police rule, of which there was more than enough in the Fatherland. The man yearned for an atmosphere of freedom and obsessed with the legend uppermost in his German mind that here in America one could live free and at the same time acquire riches with little exertion.

However, legends are not always true. Our comrade soon discovered that poverty, religious hypocrisy, ignorance and oppression are spread throughout civilization, whether it be in the old or in the new world.

Learning the baker's trade, he joined the labor movement and was one of the first to assist in organizing the bakers who toiled at that time under the most intolerable conditions.

The reward was that his name was entered on the black list of the bakery bosses. He was robbed of the opportunity to earn a meagre existence at his trade. The "right to live" became very questionable. Some loyal friends helped him to find other work to support his family.

Despite all these sordid struggles for an existence, comrade Hoffeller was always ready, as much as lay in his power, to assist with money, hand and heart in the propaganda for the ideals of freedom and justice to which he devoted all his mind and soul.

Allied at one time with the Socialist movement he later found it a disintegration into petty political scheming which did not harmonize with his ideas. When John Most arrived on these shores he soon changed from a radical Socialist to an Anarchist. Philip Hoffeller was one of the staunchest supporters of the movement, keeping at the same time always in close touch with free thought propaganda and the ideals of men like Ingersoll and Pentecost.

For his family Hoffeller was much more the comrade and friend than the boss. He lived with his wife and children in sympathetic harmony, educating the girls and the boy George, who are also radicals, in the spirt of self-reliance and independence. Now that comrade Hoffeller is dead the words of Omar Khayyam come to our mind:

Oh, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie.

MARGARET SANGER FUND.

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Economics of Liberty

By John Beverley Robinson

The purpose of this book is to state in concise and simple form the social theories of Proudhon. In a series of well chosen chapters the author presents the subject in language at once vigorous and clear. The opening chapter, in which he defines society as a voluntary association as distinguished from the majority-rule government of the political socialist, is one of the best statements of the fundamental principles of Anarchism that has appeared in many a day. The theories of Value, Rent, Banking, Taxation and Exchange, and the conceptions of Liberty and Equality applied to economics are dealt with in separate chapters, stimulating and thought-provoking. Three tables showing the relationship of producers and non-producers in a representative society are inserted at the end, and in addition to their cleverness of presentation have the merit that they may be consulted simultaneously with the reading of the text. This detail, and the plotted curve employed to show graphically the points of economic stress and revolutionary activity indicate that the author had in mind alike the convenience of the busy man and the demands of the technically trained student. The book is written from the view-point of the individualist, and the communist will find himself in conflict with some of its conclusions, but none the less the resourcefulness of the author in illustration, and his quiet yet effective style will commend it as a welcome contribution to the literature of Anarchism.

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—DRAMATISTS AND PLAYS DISCUSSED—

Wednesday, March 8th, The Irish Drama
T. C. Murray's, "Maurice Harte"
Seumas O'Kelly's, "The Bribe"
Rutherford Mayne's, "The Red Turf" and other plays
Lenox Robinson's, "The Patriots"

Wednesday, March 15th, Italian and Spanish Drama
Gabriele D'Annunzio's, "The Daughter of Jorio"
Guiseppe Giacosa's, "The Stronger" and "Sacred Ground"
Jose Echegaray's, "The Great Galetto"

Wednesday, March 22nd, The Jewish Drama
Jacob Gordon's, "The Slaughter"
Sholem Ash's, "The God of Vengeance"
David Pinsky's, "The Family Zwee"

Wednesday, March 29th
Social Dance and Performance.

Thursday, March 9th
"The Message of Anarchism."

Thursday, March 16th
"The Intermediate Sex." A discussion of Homosexuality

Thursday, March 23rd
"Nietzsche and the German Kaiser."

Thursday, March 30th
"The Right of the Child Not to be Born."

IN PITTSBURGH, PA.

At Conservatory of Music

Tuesday, March 7th
The Irish Drama—Synge, Yeats, Murray

Tuesday, March 14th
Irish Drama Continued—O'Kelly, Mayne, Robinson.

Tuesday, March 21st
Italian and Spanish Drama.

Tuesday, March 28th
Friedrich Nietzsche, The Intellectual Storm Center of the Great War.

IN NEW YORK CITY.

At Harlem Masonic Temple, 310 Lenox Ave.

Sunday, March 5th
"The Ego and His Own," A Review of Max Stirner's Book.

Sunday, March 12th
"The Family," The Great Obstacle to Development

Sunday March 19th
The Scandinavian Drama.

Sunday March 26th
The German Drama.

Sunday, April 2nd
The French Drama.

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